

THE
Johnson Journal



April, 1948

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL.

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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EDITORIAL

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

The letters that make up the word America mean many things to me, an average American girl.

A stands for Abe Lincoln, a really true friend of all his people. Abe didn't want slavery. He thought it was unfair for colored people to work harder and for lower wages than a white person did. He was a great countryman and everyone still thinks a great deal of him. Whenever the names of presidents come up, he is the first one I think of.

M stands for many people.

Numerous people have come over here to America even from long, long ago. They couldn't live in their own country the way they wished to. They couldn't worship the way they wished. Most everything they had was demanded of them. That is why now in America we have so many different people here with us. Of course we are glad to have them because it makes us feel quite proud to think that they, foreign people, love our country better than their own.

E stands for election.

We people of the United States have the say in the government. We vote for the people we want to be in the government. In many countries people just do as the government says. They have no say as to the rules and regulations of the country. They are going

around living what I call a very unhappy life. We people here in America don't realize, unless we have lived in one of these God-forsaken places, what it is like to live under a dictator. We all hope that some day this crude way of running a so-called government will be abolished, and people will live normal happy lives as we all do.

R stands for resources.

United States is rich in natural resources. We have our own oil, coal, timber, lead, zinc, and many other valuable resources. Even though we have all these, we must still be careful of them, for if we don't, we will be endangering ourselves. Many of us are willing and ready to help our friends across the seas so that they may some day get back on their feet after the terrible war which devastated their lands. They need help and are looking to us, a great nation, to help them. I believe that if we all pool our ideas and money and food we can help them.

I stands for interest.

There is a great deal of interest in the hearts of our political leaders for us. They, meaning most of them, try hard to create helpful and just laws and rules so that we may all be protected in every way possible.

C stands for courage.

We have fought many a long and hard battle in order to gain

the rights we possess today. In the last war we had a very hard and bitter team to fight. Many men and women died for the love of their country. I hope we are not forgetting those who are still in hospitals being cared for even now. Many of these will never see, hear, walk or talk again. Many may not even live. There are a few that will recover, but it takes a long time and a great deal of patience. All this has happened because of the greediness of some people and because we defended our rights. It seems too bad that we have to show our courage in this manner, but in order to prove that we love our country and want to protect it from harm, we must fight for it.

A stands for the song "America the Beautiful."

"Oh, Beautiful for Spacious Skies." America is a beautiful country. It has so many places of interest and has many historical land marks. America all spelled out; and when you read between the lines, it spells Democracy. Democracy means a government "of the people, by the people and for the people."

Ruth Davis, '49.

SOCIAL LIFE FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

In my way of thinking social life and conduct should be part of every student's day. If a person is good in athletics, he should make himself available for the team. This is an aid not only to himself, but also to his school. It is a known fact that this helps develop minds as well as a school book will.

If, on the other hand, you are not gifted with the ability to play sports, or have more interest in other pastimes, you should attend as many games as possible. I would imagine a good social backing

would spirit a team on to victory. In other words, in school athletics, if you have ability, help out the cause by going out for the team, or by always going to the game and showing interest in the players.

There is another broad field to this subject, and that is social conduct at a dance. This subject has been tossed around considerably by all, but never has there been an improvement. This would be an example of an ordinary school dance. The boys are lined up along one side, the girls another. At least one hour, if not more, is wasted by the much too bashful or proud boys because they refuse to ask a girl to dance. Now and then a few girls start to dance. Or—

Mary came with Jim. He doesn't ask her to dance, because he's afraid the other kids will laugh.

If only the boys would put their pride in their pockets and do what they know is right, there could be a lot more fun at school dances. I myself think it would be much easier for the fellow to come right out and say, "May I have this dance?" Only a girl who is impolite would say, "No." Then at the end of a set, it is the boy's job to return the girl to her seat. Too many times she is left standing in the middle of the floor.

I really think with a little more thought to the right kind of conduct, not only at dances but also at games, we could build a good name for Johnson, instead of its being known as a school with no spirit or manners.

Joan Connors, '49.

REGRET

The JOURNAL regrets the printing of two poems, *Door Bells* in the December issue and *Mr. Wells* in the February issue. Neither poem was original.



LITERARY

SUNRISE

At five o'clock in the morning we sleepily dragged ourselves to church. Although most of us were still asleep, we piled into waiting cars and drove to the place where we were to hold our sunrise service. We were almost to the top of the hill when the beauty of the spring sunrise caught our breath, and left us with open-eyed wonderment. Although the sun had not yet put in its appearance, its rays were painting the sky every color of red and pink. As the service progressed, the sun came into view, and while the speaker was giving us the Easter message, it rose to its full glory as if to illustrate the message of the day. After the service we started back down the hill, wondering if it had been worth getting up so early for. We looked back at the glowing sun and in his heart each one knew that it was.

Edith Massey, '50.

EVENTFUL DAY

One day while swimming in the Antarctic Ocean, I came across a little island which seemed uninhabited until I walked inland and saw the most amazing thing of my life. In the midst of the island was a minute town occupied by little people of approximately ten centimeters in height. With the aid of my invisible paint, I sauntered about until I came to a tiny building which was buzzing with activity. I peered through the windows and saw that most of the occupants were of the younger generation, with the exception of

a few exasperated-looking adults. All the girls' hair was short in front and sticking out at all angles. The boys were cute-looking little devils. Upon closer observation I discovered they were organized into groups, each in different rooms, and each engaged in different occupations. In one room a group was playing a strange game which consisted of the throwing about of small articles to the accompaniment of shrieks from one of those exasperated-looking adults.

In another room a very industrious group was busy carving designs on furniture, loosening screws, and cracking wood. This was indeed the hardest working group of all. Soon a bell rang which was apparently the signal for some peculiar kind of race. Everyone surged forward, pushing and shoving, and in the process a few of the fuzzy-topped little girls were knocked down, but nobody cared about them.

After a short period of time had elapsed, I saw the tiny people strolling about in groups of four or five. One little girl I noticed in particular was giving some kind of performance. She would roll her eyes, flutter her eyelashes, and make coy faces, the purpose of which, I am afraid, I cannot tell you, but, my, what a curious effect it produced on a little fellow standing nearby!

The ridiculous actions of these little people had a dizzying effect on me, and as fast I could, I swam back to the quiet atmosphere of Johnson High.

Marie Galvagna, '48.

WHY DUMB PEOPLE CATCH MORE TROUT THAN SMART PEOPLE

When a feller happens to see a trout fisherman with a creel full of fish, he figures that he must be pretty smart to catch all those fish. But I don't think this is true. My reason is very simple. When a fisherman gets to the stream, he looks it over and decides where he would go if he were a fish. Then he takes out his worm can or his fly box and decides which worm or which fly he would prefer if he were a fish.

Then he drifts his worm or casts his fly into the spot he has decided on. If he catches a fish, he is very proud, because he knows he thinks like a fish. And naturally, fishermen who think like fish catch more trout than fishermen who think of other things.

Of course, the reason a fish thinks the way he does is that his brain is very tiny in relation to his body, so the tinier the fisherman's brain, the easier it is for him to think like a fish, and catch trout right and left.

Therefore in order to catch a lot of trout, a fisherman must be able to think as a trout would, and this is possible for only those fishermen of low mentality.

Dan Driscoll, '49.

BORROWING

On leaving my friend's house, I casually mention a book I would enjoy reading. To my surprise he has the book in his personal library. He agrees I may take the book and return it at my convenience. I promise he will have it back in his collection by a week. I take the book home and lay it on a shelf. I won't bother with it the first few nights. I have plenty of time. By the end of the week my interest in reading is tempo-

rarily gone. I've been so busy I don't have time for anything.

Two weeks elapse. John can't mind my keeping it this long. It would only pick up dust on his shelf. I'll settle right down now and read it. There's the doorbell. It's unexpected company. How nice! I'll drop this right on the table so I'll remember to read it tomorrow.

As I start to read the next day, I decide I ought to see a movie. I haven't seen one for two months. I'll slip the book back into the bookcase.

One month later finds me thinking of books. Why not return it without reading it? What's the use, one more week can't matter. My conscience begins to trouble me. Why should it? I have every intention of returning the book. Anyway, he's not very literary. He has probably forgotten he ever owned the book. It would be a shame for the book to lie there to no advantage.

Then again, I couldn't return the book now; it has been over four months. Think how silly I would sound if I said I'd just finished reading it. No, that wouldn't do. Some day when I see him or go visit him, he'll mention it. I can tell him I finished the first week, but forgot to return it. He'll understand. At this I push the book in among the others, sure that when anyone looks over his belongings, he finds something that just never seems to get returned on time.

Arthur Forgetta, '49.

MISSING

One evening while I was sitting home in a chair, with one eye open and one eye shut, I heard a description of a missing girl come over the radio. This girl has golden yellow hair. She comes

from a well-to-do family, but was not happy with her home life. One day she left quick as a wink, not telling anyone where she was going. Her height is only about six feet with manly shoulders thrown in. She has blue eyes which remind one of planets far away. Her teeth are just as natural as her own. She wears those glasses that look like a huge plate glass window. A very interesting thing is her legs. Everyone knows what a bow looks like when it is strung, well, that's what her legs look like. A very unusual thing for a wealthy girl to have, I think. According to the announcer, the last time she was seen, she was wearing queen's clothes. She was wearing an expensive red dress with black shoes, coat, and purse. The parents said it was nothing. After all, it only costs money. Her father is a banker. She may be driving a black Cadillac that cries every time one uses the brakes, but otherwise, looks like a hearse. She is noted for her long quotations of Tennyson. As I said, she was very unhappy at home; that is why she left. Most of us live in houses, but she lives in a palace. She had only one maid, and she is seventeen years old. How such a person could be so smart as to leave home, I can't understand; but they say money isn't everything. If you find this girl, please don't contact me, because I fell asleep and didn't hear the announcer say her name.

John Pearson, '49.

THE FIRE

The burning house on 21st Street sends up brilliant tongues of blue, red and orange flame into the ink-black sky. Shiny black, slickered firemen are holding the snake-like hose spitting its venom of water at the fire. Sweating policemen push by the fascinated

crowd. A frail, silver-haired, little old lady is weeping as she looks at the charred furniture being taken out. A large brown and white St. Bernard lies at her feet watching with large puzzled eyes.

Marie DeSimone, '49.

KID BROAD

Kid Broad, as my Grandfather was known, was a tough little fighter, who was noted for his ability to take punishment. He was knocked down many times, but there was no one who could make him stay down. Whenever he hit the canvas, he would give himself a pep talk, audible to those around ringside. "Come on, Kid," he used to say, "get up! You mustn't get yourself knocked out. Your father in Cleveland won't like it if you lose the fight." And with those words, my Grandfather would stagger to his feet and go on with the fight.

One day, however, the Kid was matched with Aurelio Harrerra, reputed to be the hardest puncher in the lightweight division. The first blow of the fight was landed by the Mexican, and Kid Broad went down. Badly shaken, he groped on all fours and began to mumble to himself, "Come on, Kid, get up. Your father in Cleveland wouldn't like it if you lost this fight." Gramp staggered to his feet and walked into another terrific blow. Again he went down and again he talked himself to his feet.

The Kid took a terrible beating for the first four rounds of the fight. The fans marveled at his staying power. The next round the Mexican came out with the hardest blow of the fight. Down went my Grandfather. Weakly he rolled and raised himself on one knee, mumbling through bloody lips, "Get up, Kid, get up." As

the fans held their breath, the Kid started to get up. But just as it seemed he would make it again, he flopped back to the canvas, put a hand under his head like a pillow, and shouted angrily, "To heck with the old man in Cleveland! This crazy guy will kill me if I get up again!"

Albin Seyfferth, '51.

GUM CHEWERS

The familiar snap of bubble gum is heard most everywhere these days. In school a bold boy snaps his gum. Occasionally the teacher cannot find out who it is, and the boy goes on blowing bubbles. Fortunately for those who want to study, the teacher finally catches him.

Then you get on the bus and someone sits beside you blowing bubbles continually. With a smirk he continues, his fellow passengers giving him dirty looks.

A short time ago I was in the public library when someone snapped his gum, the sound echoing through the building. However, there is no regulation prohibiting gum chewing in the library. Now there is a regulation which is followed by most libraries which prohibits talking. Is not bubble snapping more nerve-racking than a moderate voice? Then we should prohibit such chewing in the library, and many other public places.

The other night while I was in the midst of my algebra, a bubble snapped, and I started all over again. The younger member has scored a victory, as he has recently learned how to blow bubbles.

What shall you do? You decide to stop letting Junior have money for gum. The next night he comes home with another cud, which was given to him, he says. Yes, it was given to him free of charge,

just handed out to him. The gum is given away without question, as youngsters are more free with gum than with anything else except the money they use to buy it. It seems impossible to stop these gum chewers. Recently a leading American dentist was quoted as saying that future generations will have buck teeth as a result of gum chewing. Perhaps after having this drilled into them, they will cut down their chewing a little bit.

This new habit reminds me of the old custom of chewing tobacco. These modern gum chewers still make a noise, but more often than Grandpa did.

On the other side of the fence; it is an accomplishment to blow a bubble. Everyone of the younger set chews it, so why should one stop and the rest continue? It really isn't very bad, actually isn't injurious like smoking, but it is annoying. People think them cheap. It is a modern age and bubble gum is a modern pastime for American youth. Just as the modern age requires new laws for the world, we should make new regulations for gum chewing.

You probably have noticed that I have talked of only what boys do. However, it is just as common with girls. I don't know what is feminine about blowing bubbles, but girls are just as good gum chewers as boys.

Richard Fleming, '49.

THE PHARMACIST

When you first step into a drug store, you believe yourself to be in a second Macy's, Jordan Marsh or some other department store, but behind that glass or wooden slab at the rear of the store stands a man ready at any moment to relieve you of your aches and pains. He is your pharmacist, a guardian of your health. In front of him is

a scale. This scale has to be accurate and is therefore checked at various times of the year by proper authorities. His materials, consisting of a mortar and pestle, graduates, stirring rods, test tubes and numerous other instruments are also under constant check. The man himself before being able to perform the delicate operations of compounding your prescriptions must pass a very stiff examination.

Let us first take a prescription through its process. A person walks in and hands the pharmacist a prescription. He tells the druggist he must have it in ten minutes. The pharmacist then proceeds to work on it quickly, yet as carefully and diligently as only he knows how. In this case he must work fast, but he must be cautious, as a mistake in this delicate business could be dangerous. After weighing out the materials, mixing them and putting them in the bottle or jar, the druggist makes out a label for it. In the upper left part of the label he puts the number of the prescription. Right next to this is the date. Then come the directions and finally the doctor. This label is extremely important because it is a means of future reference for you and the pharmacist. He puts the number and date on the prescription which you handed him and files it away.

These files were used considerably during the war years. Due to the scarcity of doctors many of the old prescriptions were renewed. This also presents a problem. Some prescriptions are forbidden to be refilled, although they are kept on file. They are narcotic drugs. These prescriptions are labeled as ordinary prescriptions and then a little label telling the person that the prescriptions cannot be refilled is placed on the bottle. These prescriptions are filed

differently. In the ordinary file there is a piece of brown paper with the number on it. The pharmacist then knows it is a narcotic and looks it up in a separate narcotic file.

A person planning on having a prescription refilled should always retain the bottle bearing the number, date and doctor of the medicine. If this is not done, possibly many valuable minutes are lost and wasted.

An example of this occurs when a person comes in and says that he wants the medicine that he got a month ago.

The druggist asks, "Do you have the number of the prescription?"

"No," says the fellow, "but I got it around Christmas time and it was a red liquid."

This is some help, but the druggist may have had one hundred prescriptions around Christmas time and ten of them could have been red liquids. The druggist after ten minutes of hunting luckily strikes upon the right one and fills it for him. While this process is going on another prescription is waiting for the pharmacist's undivided attention. Valuable time is lost due to one person's carelessness.

Other problems which face the pharmacist are shortages or lack of materials. During the war all pharmacists were required to turn in all quinine. All the quinine in the shop was gathered up and ready to be shipped out when a prescription came in for just that medicine. The new law was nine hours old. Here was the medicine, just enough for the prescription probably, resting right beside him. Could he use this? No, of course not. He would lose his license for not obeying the law. The pharmacist therefore calls the doctor and has him write a new prescription.

In these days the pharmacist must keep a watchful eye open to new drugs. He is furnished with literature on these drugs from the manufacturing chemists.

I could not pass over new drugs without mentioning penicillin. At first this drug was very expensive and perishable. It had to be kept on ice or at least below 40° Fahrenheit. For obvious reasons the pharmacist could not keep too much of the drug on hand at the time. It was not long before science had improved the drug. Now only certain types are required to be kept on ice and the price has dropped considerably. Penicillin has cured many sicknesses which were previously thought incurable. It is truly a miracle drug.

From nine o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night constantly compounding medicines for the sick, such is the life of the pharmacist in practically any town or city in America. He is a person whom the people know and trust.

Robert Finneran, '49.

THE PEACEFUL OUTDOORS

Have you ever slept out in the peaceful open air with the moon beaming down on you, and the trees overhead for your shelter? "Gee," you think, "nature is sure beautiful." There's just something about it that entices a nice, long, peaceful sleep. You can just lie there and count those twinkling stars in the sky, instead of those old sheep you've been counting. You've counted them for so long they can hardly jump the fence, they're so old and tired.

But, just a minute, what's that buzzing around your head? It sounds like a dive bomber coming in for the kill. Go ahead, swat it! You'd better get it before it gets

you. Oooh! Missed! Darn that thing, where is it? Missed it again! If you could only see, you'd ruin it. That little beast is too smart for that, though. Look out! It's coming in for the kill again! Phew! That was a close one. You had better hurry up and get it, because you may not be so lucky the next time.

What's that? It feels like a drop of water on your nose. Oh, no, probably just your imagination. You're just riled up, that's all. The buzzer will maybe go away if you don't bother it. So you might just as well lie back and relax. You're just missing some of your nice, peaceful sleep letting that little insect worry you. Sure you're not going to let it bother you. But, it sure would be nice if it would realize this. The little stinker's back again. It's not bothering you though, remember. Oouch! That darned little thing just bit you! Why that no good little punk, you'll show him! You'll kill him that's what you'll do. You'll strangle him to death.

Something feels wet again. You wonder if it could be your imagination. You guess it isn't. It's teeming out. You'd better run into the house. Oh, you forgot your blanket. Don't forget the pillow!

Gee, but your bed feels nice. Those sheep are really cute when you think about it. After all, they can't help it if they're getting old. You'll just have to find a lower fence for them. They're a lot more dependable than those stars are, anyway.

Joan Reilly, '49.

GETTING THOSE HISTORY PAPERS WRITTEN

One day last month our history teacher floored us when she said we must write fifteen or more papers, both sides, on the Civil War

and have it in before the twelfth of March. We could write on the prelude, the war itself, and the after-math of the war. Also the military campaigns and slavery during the war were other suggestions. We had five and a half weeks to complete it, which seemed to be time enough, but was in the end just enough time.

It seemed as if I would never get started. I had five weeks to do it in, and, besides, thirty sides of white lined paper wasn't much anyway. The first week went by without my accomplishing anything. Monday I went to a church meeting while on Tuesday a basketball game took the evening. On Wednesday I attended a church supper, Thursday I was confined to home. Friday came and a movie was slated. Saturday night the library was closed anyway, and Sunday a Youth Fellowship meeting was scheduled. So that week the idea of doing history was out.

However the next week I thought it was about time to get started. So Monday night I went to the library full of pep with the thought of doing history. Fortunately there were several boys present and we quickly began talking about current happenings of the week. Before I knew it, the clock somehow got around to nine o'clock and the library was closing for the night. But Wednesday came and I wrote out six full papers on slavery. That seemed to be enough for that week and so I forgot about it for awhile. After all, the history teacher said that she wanted us to have fun doing it, so I stretched it out the full time.

It wasn't until around February 29th that the thought of doing some more entered my head. Of course it took a few days to get going, and on the first Tuesday of March, I attempted writing once

more. I managed to do about five more full papers on the military campaigns of the war.

I was sure now that I had nothing to worry about; I only had four or five more papers to write, and that could be done in a minute! I put it aside all the next week, never bothering to even look at it. Some of the kids at school were asking me if I had finished it, and I said sure, long ago, forgetting the five papers yet to do.

So on March 11th, the day before the dead line, I hurried to the library thinking of an easy evening. But when I got there, I couldn't find the right article I wanted until I had searched a full three-quarters of an hour. By that time it was eight-fifteen and I hadn't even started the five remaining papers. Finally, with a great deal of speed, I succeeded in finishing the project.

The worst of it all was that two or three days after that, she hit us again by telling us that we had to do "another" fifteen papers on the first World War—"There is no rest for the weary!!"

Richard Hilton, '49.

L'ORIGINE DE L'ETOFFE ECOSSAISE

Il y avait, une fois, une assemblée de dessinateurs ecossais. Ils sont fatigués à dessiner des robes des couleurs simples, rouge, bleu, vert, et ont désiré faire quelque chose de nouveau. Sandy a désiré mêler jaune et bleu, et faire une nouvelle sorte de vert; mais Alec a dit, "Non!" Ils ont taché des raies variées et des mélanges bizarres, mais n'ont pu rien accomplir. Ils ont discuté plus et plus fortement; enfin Duncan a donné un coup de poing au nez de Monsieur MacTavish et saisant son morceau de drap rouge brillant, il l'a déchiré aux rubans et les a

demalis au terre. MacTavish, pas un homme qu'on peut surpasser, a dechire le drap vert de Sandy aux rubans at les a demalis au terre. Tout le monde a fait sortir a force de coups tous les autres. Le matin prochain quand ils se sont eveilles, Angus a pousse une crie vigoureux. "Regardez ici," il a dit, "voici notre couleur nouvelle!" Et bien entendu il y a sur terre tous les rubans de drap qui ont forme une etoffe ecossaise charmante. Tout le monde etait tres heureux, et il n'y a pas plus de combat. Et cela est l'origine de l'etoffe ecossaise.

Ruth Turner, '48.

VISIT TO LOWELL TEXTILE INSTITUTE

I went to Lowell Textile with the impression that it was a local trade school of not more than ordinary standing. I was quite surprised when I saw the cars parked outside with license plates from at least a dozen states and when I saw Chinese students and many others with foreign accents. I found that Lowell Textile is a school of very high standing in the textile field and offers degrees of B.S. in Textile Engineering, Chemistry and Textile Coloring, and Textile Manufacturing. They also offer Master of Science degrees for graduate students.

To enter the school one should have a good background in math, and in the sciences, including physics and chemistry.

Outwardly the school is a large, yellow brick building, and inside it looks old and dirty. But impressions like that mean nothing as to the merit of the Institution. The school provides a great opportunity for knowledge. A very friendly and intelligent professor was waiting to show us around.

First he took us into a fabric

testing room. We had to go through two doors into that room so that the outside atmosphere could not affect it. It was kept at constant conditions of temperature and humidity at all times so as to give equal conditions to the cloth being tested. It was kept at 70 degrees temperature and 60 degrees relative humidity. A student was testing the strength of certain fabrics. She would clamp them in a machine and the machine pulled them apart and recorded the tensile strength. There were other machines that could test the strength of brake bands up to several tons.

Then he showed us a room that looked like Mother's laundry. There was an ironing board, clothes rack, and all the various things used on clothing. They could test the resistance of cloth to moisture and other conditions and would determine whether a piece of cloth would get baggy or retain its shape.

Next our guide took us to an office, all cluttered up with microscopes and other junk. He passed out wool and some synthetic substitutes. There was nylon, there was a woolen-like material made from soybeans and there was ramie, a product of China grass. These synthetic substitutes could be mixed in certain proportions to give any desired characteristics.

The wool processing room was next on the list. A number of large bottles of Sulfuric Acid packed in wooden crates were stacked against the wall and marked Oil of Vitriol. The grease wool is put in a very dilute, hot solution of Sulfuric Acid which destroys the vegetable matter. Then the wool is carbonized which makes any remaining foreign matter very brittle so that it can easily be crushed out. He passed out dif-

ferent samples of wool, grease wool, some very high quality Australian wool, some Alpaca, and finally some spun glass. He offered us one million dollars if we could find a paint so that shepherds could mark their sheep, have the paint stay on all year, and then have it wash out in cold water when the wool is sheared. Manufacturing concerns have a great deal of trouble with this difficulty.

Then we saw where the wool was sorted, dyed, and spun into thread. He showed us the various processes of woolen manufacturing. These are blending, picking, carding, and spinning. He told us an interesting story about foreign fabrics. We have heard of mutton-headed Englishmen, that is to say that the inhabitants of the British Isles are great meat-eaters. For this reason, they raised a large, bulky sheep which naturally had long, coarse wool. That is why the British fabrics are usually rough. We have heard of the Irish Tweeds, London Tweeds, and Scottish Tweeds. The French, on the other hand, are not primarily meat-eaters. They usually live on vegetables, pastry, and soups (legumes et potages) so they raised a small sheep with fine, soft wool. That is why the French make such fine, beautiful cloth. He explained the principle of making thread.

The weaving room was very complete. They could duplicate any design or fabric. Our guide had on a beautiful suit made by one of his students. The student had to do the whole job, from grease wool to cloth. It was very interesting how they could weave names or pictures into cloth. By the way, these rooms were all very uncomfortable, due to the fact that humidifiers were shooting live steam into the room at all times.

We went into a physics labora-

tory. There were a number of very fine scales enclosed in glass cases. There was also a spectroscope which interested me greatly. They would pass a beam of light through a prism and it would be broken up into all the colors of the spectrum. By varying the colors they could duplicate the dye in any cloth. So you see where physics and chemistry come in. We saw some chemistry laboratories also. They were probably just as old as ours, but with much more equipment. I saw that there was more to textiles than I had previously thought.

We were introduced to the head of the designing department. She gave a nice, short talk on how fabrics were designed. She explained that designing is a field in itself. A degree in designing could be obtained there. We were given a sample of cloth with Lowell Textile Institute woven into it in Old English. It is surprising how they can weave anything they want into fabrics.

An interesting item about the classrooms was that the desks would start at the level of the floor and go up an incline until they almost reached the ceiling. I suppose that this improved the acoustics and enabled the professor to see everyone.

We were treated very cordially throughout the visit and I left with a favorable impression of the school. We were disappointed, however, that they wouldn't allow us to attend any lectures. It was a successful trip and interested everyone.

Cornelis Heijn, '49

SPRING IS HERE!

The snow and ice have gone again,
With winter's angry cry,
And signs of spring grow more and
more,
As each day passes by.

We hear the birds in trees above,
 We hear the rippling brook.
 We hear the gentle murmur of
 wind,
 As it enters each cranny and nook.
 We see spring's sun rise bright and
 glowing.
 We see it set at close of day.
 We see the buds begin their bloom-
 ing,
 In their most delightful way.
 These signs of spring are within
 ourselves,
 We feel more gay than ever before.
 Yes, spring has really come again,
 To shut King Winter's door.

Bertha Curry, '50.

SING A SONG OF SPRING- TIME

Sing a song of springtime,
 of flowers, buds and leaves,
 Of birds that chirp and frogs
 that croak
 Among the wakening trees.
 Sing a song of springtime
 with showers, storms and rains,
 Or sunny days and bright blue
 skies
 And grass along the lanes.
 Sing a song of springtime,
 and children merry with glee,
 With thoughts of roaming
 through the woods;
 Of school they'll all be free.

Marilyn Chase, '49

LUNCH HOUR

Ring, went the bell and recess
 began.
 Down the corridor the pupils
 ran,
 Into the lunch room, quick as a
 flash,
 Secured their food and left with
 a dash.

Scampering and scurrying they all
 found a seat,
 So they might have someone
 with whom to eat.

Laughing and chatting they gulped
 down their food,
 Trying their hardest not to be
 rude.

With lunch hastily eaten, they're
 ready once more
 To finish the work that they
 started before.

The bell gave its warning, it's time
 for next class.

Lunch time is over, the best
 period has passed.

Margaret Hickey, '50.

THE CAFE

The pupils rushing here and there,
 Like midget cars speed everywhere.

They hurry on to eat their lunch,
 But, oh, they are a noisy bunch!

Clamor, chatter of pupils' voices,
 May not be first in peoples' choices.

Dishes and trays and spoons do
 chatter,
 Some gaze to ask, "What is the
 matter?"

But though the noise is very loud,
 The lunchroom's packed with a
 grand crowd.

Anthony Forgetta, '50.

AN UNFORESEEN SCENE

I have to rhyme a word with
 "green."

I ask, "Should I use queen or
 lean?"

My sister Jean thinks mean is keen
 But brother asks, "How's subma-
 rine?"

While Mrs. Bean is saying "clean,"
 Doctor Dean says "quarantine."

After the four have made a scene,
 I decide to use the word "machine."

The next day, teacher gives us
 "bead,"

At this I know I will exceed.

I tell them I would like to read,

But they see through my deed with
 speed.
 I threaten, beg them, ask, and
 plead,
 But they start on their wild
 stampede.
 "There's bleed, recede, exceed and
 creed" . . .
 With such a breed, you can't suc-
 ceed!

Ruth Sanford, '50.

SOUNDS

In a study period you hear many
 sounds,
 Sounds which are heard all around.
 There are the scratching of chalk
 and slamming of desks,
 And students with raised hands
 making requests,
 There are the tapping of pencils
 and creaking of chairs,
 And the throwing of paper planes
 by the one who dares,
 These are the sounds that I have
 heard.
 And of course you know I didn't
 say a word.

Richard Stevens, '50.

FIRST LOVE

Hand in hand we strolled the lane,
 Heedless of the drenching rain,
 My feet were wet, and every drop
 Turned my hair to a tangled mop;

My cheeks were cold, clothes dis-
 arrayed,
 His hand in mine, made all these
 fade.

Each step we took, my teeth would
 chatter,
 T'was getting colder, that was the
 matter;
 His face was radiant; my eyes,
 jewels,
 A couple of silly, lovesick fools.

Louise R. Consoli, '48.

BECOMING POPULAR

Disregard all rules and laws,
 Talk and talk without a pause.
 Push aside the little guy,
 Make him think he'd like to die.
 Remember all that counts is fun,
 Even though your work's not
 done.
 Papers and yearbooks are not for
 you,
 They're for intellectuals and all
 their crew.
 Let the suckers do the work,
 That's the stuff you'd rather
 shirk!
 Are these the things you then must
 do,
 To gain the praise of a favored
 few?

Marie Galvagna, '48.



CHATTER

THE BABY SITTER

The annual school play to be
 presented April 24 and 25 this
 year titled "The Baby-Sitter"
 promises to be a big success. The
 play is concerned with the difficul-
 ties of a baby-sitter resulting from
 a broken date. The cast of char-
 acters is as follows:

Bob, who breaks a date

Joe Guthrie

Mother, who makes him break
 the date

June Schmottlach

Father, who agrees with Mother

Dick Ganley

Junior, A holy terror

Paul Taylor

Jane, Bob's sister

Vera Sullivan

Helen

Jean Mahoney

Carrie, Bob's one and only
Joan Connors
Eunice, who tries to take Carrie's
place
Joan Reilly
Carl, Helen's boy friend
Earl Simon
Lefty, another holy terror
Donnie Smith
Midge, who raids the icebox
Joan Diamont
Dot
Rose Torrisi
Junior's parents
Mr. Gordon Bob Finneran
Mrs. Gordon Marion Etchells
Nancy Ballantyne, '48.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Your Student Council has been working at a fast pace this last month. In my last report I told you we were working on a recreation program. Well, we got it under way. We have two ping-pong tables in the rear of the assembly hall, dancing in the front of the hall, and badminton in the gym. The officers for the program are:

Badminton:

Bob Wilkinson
Andrew Alvino

Ping-Pong:

Jack Kooistra
Paul Addler

Dancing:

Gus Weigel
Joe Guthrie

Mr. Hayes made out rules for the program which we posted in home rooms.

We would like to thank Dice Rand and Mr. Vincent's shop class for making the table legs.

I guess that's all except we are running a dance which we hope you will come to. The money made for the dance will go to defray the cost of the *Gobbler*.

Joseph Guthrie, '48.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL DANCE

The hall was all decked out with

a rose arbor, bright spring flowers, multi-colored crepe paper, and even an Easter bunny. The reason—? The annual Girls' Basketball Dance, of course! George Emmons brought along the hot platters for the affair and provided some of the entertainment for the evening. Mr. Hayes, Miss Gillen, Miss Neal, and Miss Fitzgerald acted as chaperons. Cokes were sold and coffee was served to the teachers. Thanks go to all the kids who pitched in and helped decorate the hall and also to those who cleaned up on Saturday morning. Thanks also to Cherry and Webb's and Macartney's for providing the decorations.

Justine Fitzgerald, '48.

FRESHMAN NEWS

Stoneham has presented us with a tall, blue-eyed boy with light-brown hair, Edward Saul. His chief interests in life are his four greyhounds which he raises and trains. He says he doesn't like Johnson as well as his previous school because there's no school spirit.

Another new-comer is Fred Yunggebauer from Andover. He is a happy-go-lucky fellow with light-brown hair and brown eyes.

Both of these boys have already made many friends at Johnson and we hope they will have a lot of fun here.

Marjorie Terret, '51.

CHEFS' CLUB

It would seem that the Johnson High Chefs are going to have a very full year, indeed! Already they have made such tempting dishes as spaghetti, griddle cakes, apple pie, and strawberry short-cake, and doughnuts. From all reports these came out so well they were devoured immediately by their own cooks.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

On March 30, members of the International Relations Club took part in a film forum at Stevens Memorial Library. Janet Knightly, Justine Fitzgerald, James Greene, and Richard Mooradkani-an were the principal speakers during a question period which followed the film. Their topic was various phases of the Marshall Plan. The film was entitled, "Seeds of Destiny."

Members of the Debating and International Relations Clubs enjoyed a short film entitled, "Freedom and Famine," during club periods on March 22.

Jean Mahoney, '48.

SENIOR SUB-DEB CLUB

A musical program was presented by the Senior Sub-Deb Club on March 22. The selections consisted of recordings of classical and semi-classical music. Shirley Wilcox gave notes on "Sweetheart" music recordings, and Laura Mangano gave a short talk on Chopin's life. During intermission refreshments were served by Mary Chamberlain and Dorothy Black.

The Junior Sub-Deb Club was a guest at this program.

Jean Mahoney, '48.

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

TRIPS

In order to help students in their vocations, Miss Gillen has scheduled some interesting trips to various colleges and schools. The pupils are shown around the campus and buildings by interested guides, and ask questions about details which are not clear. Regis College, Weston, and Lowell Textile Institute, Lowell, were visited early this year. For April, Miss Gillen has planned trips to Salem and Lowell Teachers' Colleges, and the Fisher Secretarial School

in Boston. On May 23 a group of girls interested in nursing will travel to Fitchburg to attend an Open House at Burbank Hospital.

SPEAKERS

We also have a program of speakers from different colleges and schools on topics of interest to the seniors. On February 16 Miss Grace Gummo, Director of Nurses, Burbank Hospital, spoke to those whom she later invited to the Open House. March 5 brought Father McQuade, President of Merrimack College, Andover, who discussed Catholic colleges. During April Miss Gillen is having two speakers. April 2, Miss Jenny Dunn, a representative from Katharine Gibbs presented "How to Apply for a Position;" April 7, Miss Helen Gill, the Director of the Household Nursing Association of Attendant Nursing, Boston spoke.

MOVIES

On March 24 a helpful movie entitled "Finding Your Life's Work," was presented.

PROSPECTUS CHARTS

All seniors are planning prospectus charts which will make job hunting easier and more pleasant for both employer and applicant.

Ruth Turner, '48.

BURBANK HOSPITAL

On February 16, 1948, Miss Grace Gummo and two student nurses from Burbank Hospital, Fitchburg, Mass., came to Johnson. They showed an interesting colored movie of life at Burbank. After the movie Miss Gummo explained the five year and the three year plan. For the five year plan Burbank affiliates with Fitchburg Teachers' College. Miss Gummo then said we might talk to the students about the work. They were very helpful in straightening out a few of our qualms about personal interviews.

Burbank Hospital affiliates with Johns Hopkins Hospital, Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, Worcester State Hospital and the Children's Hospital in Philadelphia.

It is one of the thirteen hospitals in Massachusetts that are approved by the Massachusetts State Law and the New York Board of Regents.

Marie Broderick, '48.

EXCHANGES

"The Oriole," Richland Center High School, Richland Center, Wisconsin, is a new friend. Some excerpts from its "Bit O' Humor" column:

Adam—The one man in the world who couldn't say, "Pardon me, haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Dad: "Son, I'm spanking you because I love you."

Son: "I'd surely like to be big enough to return your love."

"The Volcano," Batangas High School, Batangas, brings us news from the Philippine Islands. We are certainly glad to hear from our neighbors in the Pacific and hope they will send us some more of their papers.

"The Chautauquan," from the Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y., recently sent us one of

their newspapers. It is the only summer school that we correspond with now and we are quite interested in the broad program this school offers.

"The Canary," Allentown High School, Allentown, Pennsylvania, printed a shortshort story that was very well done entitled, "She's So Lovely." It ought to have more literary work.

Does this poem from the "Swampscotta" remind you J. H. S. kids of anything in particular?

"FOR SALE, ONE GOOD FORD"
 "One Ford car with a piston ring,
 Two rear wheels, one front spring.
 Has no fenders, seat made of
 planks,
 Burns lots of gas, hard to crank.
 Carburetor busted half way
 through,
 Engine missing, hits on two.
 Three years old, four in the
 spring,
 Has shock absorbers 'n everything.
 Ten spokes missing, front axle
 bent,
 Four tires punctured, ain't worth
 a cent.
 Got lots of speed—will run like the
 deuce,
 Burns either oil or tobacco juice.
 The whole blamed thing is made
 of tin—
 But it's a pretty good Ford, for the
 shape it's in!"

Mary Clare Hickey, '48.



JOKES

Willie: Ma, can I go out to play?

Ma: What, with those holes in your trousers?

Willie: Naw, with the kids across the street.

Marie: Can you swim?

June: Only at times.

Marie: How strange. When do these moments come to you?

June: Whenever I'm in the water.

Dick: See my new dog, her name is Ginger.

Paul: Oh, does Ginger bite?

Dick: No, Ginger snaps!

A man bought a cigar and lighted it, when the girl said, "Didn't you notice the sign, Sir? It says 'No Smoking'."

"What," exploded the man, "You sell cigars in here, but you prohibit smoking?"

The salesgirl smiled sweetly, "We also sell bath tubs, sir."

Champ: Believe me, Bobby is the most unsophisticated boy alive!

Margie: Sometimes I'm not so sure.

Champ: That he's unsophisticated?

Margie: No. That he's alive.

Jean (to the salesgirl): Are the colors in this dress fast?

Salesgirl: Fast! You should see them run!

Bernie: Hey, you going to the dance?

George: What dance?

Bernie: Haven't you heard? The butchers are throwing a meat ball.

CLASS PICTURES

My photograph has just one fault,
As far as I can see.

A most unkind, disturbing fault,
It looks too much like me!

Says Nancy:

No fame I crave: before my eyes
A simple goal I keep.
I hope just once before I die
To get sufficient sleep.

Boys' answer to the New Look:

If you must
Wear longer skirts,
Then you must
Be better flirts.

Housewife: Am I late for the garbage?

Garbageman: No, lady, jump right in!

The following are boners discovered in students' compositions and tests:

"Christians are allowed only one wife. This is called monotony."

"The inhabitants of Paris are called parasites."

"A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian."

"When you breathe, you inspire. When you do not breathe, you expire."

"An Indian's wife is called squaw and his children are called squawkers."

"A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box."

Mr. Lee: I asked you a question, why didn't you answer?

Pupil: I did. I shook my head "No."

Mr. Lee: You didn't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, did you?

Ruth Turner, '48.

An Australian woman received a playpen upon the arrival of her fourth child. Her thank you note left her friends astonished. It read, "The pen is a perfect god-send. I sit in it every afternoon and read—and the children can't get near me."

An Gioco, '51.

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